

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

A Letter to H. R. H. the President of the Royal Society, on the New Catalogue of the Library of that Institution now in the Press. 8vo. pp. 60.

At the time we are reading this pamphlet of Mr. Panizzi, the Society whose character it impugns is dining together, and enjoying the anniversary of St. Andrew's Day. Whether the dessert here or there is most fitting, it is not our province to pronounce; but the matter, as affecting so important an institution as that at the head of British science, is of too much public interest not to demand an exposition in a journal devoted to such subjects. As Mr. Panizzi's statement is also *unpublished*, and only distributed among few hands, it becomes the more our duty to take a sufficient notice of it.

The dispute is a painful one. It is between an individual and a powerful body; and, consequently, unfavourable to the latter, as public opinion always naturally takes side with the weaker party. It is, further, between a single foreigner, complaining of injustice, and a native tribunal of great weight and influence—a disadvantage which, in like manner, enlists the feelings on behalf of the aggrieved, whether, indeed, his complaint be well or ill founded. It seems also to hinge, in some particulars, on small punctilioes and angry private and personal resentments, quite as much as on substantial grounds of difference; and the whole pecuniary amount at issue appears unworthy of having been made an object of contention. In order to enable the world to form its own judgment, however, and not to speak *ex cathedra* ourselves, we shall merely glance over the pamphlet, and lay its principal heads before our readers.

Mr. Panizzi commences by referring to the president's annual address, this time last year, and says,—

"In this address, your royal highness mentions the facts that I 'was employed by the council to draw up a classed catalogue' of the Society's library, and that this classed catalogue is now composed. To these facts your royal highness adds, that it 'is undergoing such a revision from different members of the council, who have kindly undertaken the task, as is calculated to make it as correct and complete as the circumstances of the case will allow it to be.' This remark it is impossible for me, in justice to myself and to the members of the Society, who are, in general, profoundly ignorant of the proceedings of the council, to pass over without notice, nor without some animadversions upon the circumstances under which the catalogue compiled by me has been withdrawn from my own control, and placed under the 'revision' of 'different members of the council.' With what justice and courtesy I have been treated by the council in this withdrawal will, I think, appear, as will also the bibliographical qualifications of some of those persons who have so 'kindly undertaken' to render my catalogue 'correct and complete.' Your royal highness cannot be unacquainted with the facts, that I have been prevented from continuing my labours upon the catalogue by

what I consider a most unjust resolution of the council of the Royal Society; that against this resolution I have in vain remonstrated; and that I had previously endeavoured to dissuade the council from persisting in certain acts, which, in my opinion, will render the work less correct and less complete than it was my wish to make it, in justice to the character of the Society, and to my own literary reputation. I humbly conceive that, in fairness to the Society, to the council, and to myself, these facts ought to have been mentioned in your royal highness's address; and I must also take the liberty of protesting strongly against the manner in which your royal highness speaks of the revision which the catalogue is now undergoing, 'as calculated to make it as correct and complete as the circumstances of the case will allow it to be,' since it conveys the idea that I had performed my task in so incorrect a manner as to render such a revision necessary, and implies that to me are to be imputed the circumstances which will not allow the work to be as correct and as complete as it would otherwise have been."

Lamenting that the president's long indisposition should have prevented him from becoming acquainted with the demerits which the writer ascribes to members of the council and of the library or catalogue committee, Mr. P. asks, "How can it be asserted, that the library of the Royal Society is singularly rich in journals, and in works on physical and anatomical science? How can it be said that the catalogue would present the 'treasures of the library' in such a form, 'that persons engaged on works of research, or on any specific subject of scientific inquiry, might be made at once acquainted with nearly all the sources from which they could derive information?' Had your royal highness not been deceived, could you have held out the Royal Society's catalogue as an example which might influence the trustees of the British Museum 'in hastening the compilation of a similar work?'" He continues, "Although it is somewhat an ungracious task to expose the faults of a catalogue confessedly so bad as was the first attempt of the committee—an attempt which, if it had been persisted in, would have rendered the Society the laughing-stock of scientific Europe—yet, in self-defence I am compelled to do so. Some of my disagreements with the council have arisen, it will be seen, from my repudiating, as judges of my work, those scientific men, some of whom either compiled or sanctioned that catalogue, and thus proved themselves unqualified for the task; I must also shew that mathematics, or natural history, do not of necessity involve a knowledge of bibliography, and that solecisms in the last may be easily committed by those who are conversant with the former, and that it is no uncommon thing for a man of science to be but imperfectly acquainted even with the authors who have written on the subjects most familiar to him. Your royal highness may, perhaps, have heard of a secretary, in former times, of the Royal Society, who did not know M<sup>r</sup> Laurin, and who gravely quoted before the astonished members, 'Monsieur Laurin's Account of Newton's Discoveries.' But solecisms

more grave than this have been committed, more advisedly, as your royal highness will admit, after having heard the whole history of this unpleasant transaction."

Mr. Panizzi proceeds to demonstrate this by reference to a specimen sheet which was submitted to him as a model.

"I was (he says) astonished at the numberless errors by which it was disfigured. The more I looked into it, the worse did it appear, and I soon felt convinced that it was utterly incapable of correction. I immediately wrote a note to Dr. Roget, stating the conclusion to which I had come, and begging to decline to have any thing to do with a work which I felt satisfied would be disgraceful to the Royal Society, and to any person who should venture to meddle with it."

Mr. P. hints that this pretty strong and unceremonious opinion hurt the self-love of Dr. Roget, and made him his enemy: he was, nevertheless, engaged, on certain terms, to compile the entirely new catalogue which he recommended, instead of that whose blunders he so satirically condemns.

"That sheet (he tells us) extends from letter A to letter D of pure mathematics, with which several works therein entered have nothing whatever to do; for instance, 'Avogadro's Nouvelles Considérations sur la Théorie des Proportions déterminées dans les Combinaisons, et sur la Détermination des Masses des Molécules des Corps'; 'Bagay's Tables Astronomiques et Hydrographiques'; 'Brown's Principles of Gunnery'; 'Clifton's Tabular Observations, recommended as the plainest way of practising Physick'; 'Cloquet's Traité Élémentaire de Perspective à l'Usage des Artistes.' Since, according to the scheme adopted, there were such classes as chemistry, astronomy, mechanics, anatomy, including medicine, and optics, it is clear that, to range such works under pure mathematics was preposterous. \* \* \* I must mention that several works had been altogether omitted: for instance, out of six works of Anderson's, only three had been entered. As a compensation, however, many works are twice catalogued. Of this I shall give only one or two specimens. Between the two names Condorcet and Conti the following entries occur:—

Christiani (v. n.) The Elements of Linear Perspective. 8<sup>o</sup> Cantab. 1811.  
Tetragonismus sive Circuli Quadratio. 4<sup>o</sup> Brixian. 1821.  
Essais d'Analyse. tom. 1. Par. 1768.  
Autre exemplaire.  
Et M. D'Alembert, sur le Système de Monde et sur le Calcul Intégral. 4<sup>o</sup> Par. 1768.  
Discours sur les Sciences Mathématiques, prononcé au Lycée le 15 Fevrier, 1786. 8<sup>o</sup> Par. 1812."

The first two entries are to be again met with in the same words under the same name between Cresswell and Cremier, although the 'Elements of Linear Perspective' are by Cresswell, and the 'Tetragonismus' by Christiani. The other four articles are by Condorcet; the third, instead of being by him and D'Alembert jointly, it is by him alone, addressed to D'Alembert; in the last, the name of D'Alembert does not occur at all. Authors' names were not better treated than the subjects. Bonaventura, the Christian name of Cavalieri,

was taken for a family name, and a cross reference put from it to Cavalieri; of the three mathematical decades of *Giovani Camillo Gloriosi*, one was put under *Camillo*, his second Christian name, and the remainder under his family name *Gloriosi*. On entering a collection, the word *Collezione* was taken for a surname, and *Nuova* for a Christian name, and thus the entry is to be found 'Collezione (N.)' I will not notice mere errors of the press, of which the number is prodigious; but there are entries which prove abundantly that the printer was not to be accused of them. 'Cossali's History of Algebra in Italy,' was printed, 'Nella Real Tipografia Parmense,' and Parmense was gravely inserted as the name of the place where the book was printed. 'Da Cunha's Mathematical Principles' were translated into French by D'Aubre, after the author's death, and have this title: 'Principes mathématiques de feu J. A. Da Cunha.' Any one who has even merely heard of 'feu Lord Maire de Londres,' may easily guess, without much knowledge of French, that *feu* here means late, viz. deceased. The compiler of this catalogue, however, did not attach such a gloomy meaning to this word; but philosophically conceived it to signify *fire*, as is evident by his precaution in writing it with a capital F, *Feu*; and by substituting the word *opuscules* for the correct *principes*, the following entry was made:—

\* Da Cunha. (J. A.) Opuscules Mathématiques de Feu, traduits littéralement du Portugais, par J. M. d'Aubre. 8vo. Bordeaux, 1811.

The idea conveyed to a Frenchman by this title would not be very clear, but it might possibly be understood that this is an infamous book, deserving to be burnt. It is a fortunate thing for *feu Mr. Da Cunha*, that this libel on his fair name was not published in his own country (he was a Portuguese) when he was living, and when the fashion was, not only to burn books, but authors; else, so dangerous an insinuation by the Royal Society of London might have exposed him to the chance of paying dearly for their blunders and bad French.\* If errors of so ludicrous a nature occur in the first sheet, which was so often revised, one may easily conceive in what state that part of the catalogue was which was set, but not corrected."

This the writer goes on, in the same tone, to exemplify, and we select a portion.

"The three following entries are to be found close to each other, about the middle of the class designated as 'astronomy and navigation.'

\* Licetus (Fort.) *Muletra, sive de duplice Colore Corporum Naturalium.* 1636.

\* Of this merely elementary book, two copies are in the collection of the Royal Society, as I find from my catalogue, where I had entered it as follows (with a cross reference from Da Cunha):—

\* Cunha (Joseph Anastasio da). Principes Mathématiques, traduits du Portugais, par J. M. d'Aubre. 8vo. Bordeaux, 1811. (Two copies).

One of these copies has been in the library for more than a century, the other was presented before it was printed—if we are to believe the stamps with which they are marked, as belonging to the Royal Society. The former is said to have been presented by the Duke of Norfolk (in 1667); the other is said to have been presented by that author who is designated as *feu* in the title. How this happened, I cannot say; probably, the translator presented the book; and, the word *feu* not being understood, he was mistaken for the author. The former copy was bought with the money received for the Arundel MSS., and, like other books, so added to the collection, stamped as the Duke of Norfolk's gift. Scrupulous chronologists will be perplexed at some future period, by comparing the date of the death of his grace with that of the books which are said to have presented: but what do a few hundred years signify for astronomers, for geologists, and for such other philologists? Of the propriety of buying a second copy of merely elementary works, I am no judge: the council, probably, are the best judges, the most in request, and that 'the limited funds' of the Society cannot be better employed than in meeting what they delicately assume to be the pressing wants of the members by whom they are elected.

Litheosphorus, sive de Lapide Bononiensis (sic). 4to. 1640.  
Linckius (F. n.) De Stellis Marinis. fol. Lipsiae, 1733.

Before entering into a particular examination of the first two entries, I beg to observe to your royal highness, that I have never seen in the library of the Royal Society the two works by Liceti here mentioned, and I strongly suspect they never were there. I can, perhaps, explain how they got into the catalogue. A kind of advertisement is to be found at the conclusion of the printed plan of classification of this very catalogue, in these words:—'The books added to the library through the money received from the British Museum, for the Arundel manuscripts, are marked with an asterisk.' The works of Liceti are so marked, and having often observed books not in the collection entered with this distinguishing mark, I was told, that although the asterisk was only said to point out the books added through the above money, it did, in fact, apply also to such as were meant to be added to the library; and I have no doubt that Liceti's two works were to be, but never had been purchased. But, although I have been able to explain in a manner, if not agreeable to the parties concerned, at all events satisfactory to any one else, how books never bought were entered as purchased with certain special funds, I am at a loss to account how the first of them, at all events, was classed among astronomical works. Perhaps *muletra*

was taken for a constellation, like the bear, the bull, the ram; and being a compound word (*muletra, seu mulethra, quasi mulus in aethra, as Ménage would say*), the mistake was a most natural one, particularly for a good Greek scholar, who must have recollect the two asses and the stable mentioned by Theocritus.\* It would, however, be time lost to speculate further how this book got among astronomical works: suffice it to say, that it is there classed. I cannot state positively, but I would almost stake my existence that such a book never existed, and that, instead of *muletra*, the word meant was *mulatra*, that is, instead of an ideal constellation, the real word means a *milk-pail*. The following work by Liceti, was probably the one intended:—'Fortunii Liceti Genuensis in Patavino Lyceo Philosophi ordinarij Mulatra, sive de duplice calore corporum naturalium diuinigis physico-medicis. 4to. Utini, 1636.' *Mulatra* is the name of the dialogue, in which this utensil takes a share together with Circe, who had metamorphosed a human being into that implement. The subject is physiological, and the heat (*calor*), not the colour (*color*), of some bodies, forms part of the subject in discussion, which I do not find either very learned, very clear, or very intelligible. The other work by the same author has no more to do with astronomy than the aforesaid milk-pail; here is its correct title:—*Litheosphorus, sive de lapide Bononiensi lucem, in se concepir ab ambiente claro mox in tenebris mente conservante liber Fortunii Liceti Genuensis pridem in Pisano, nuper in Patavino, nunc in Bononiensi Archigymnasio Philosophi eminentius. 4to. Utini,*

\* The class astronomy, including also inland navigation, the lines of Theocritus here alluded to must have forced themselves upon the mind of the Arcadian shepherd who catalogued this book, the ass being particularly favourable to sailors:

Ἐς δὲ ἀρτού τὸν ἴσθαινειν, ὅπερ τὸν ἄνα μέσον ἀμφεπέτην, ἐμπλέουσαν τὰ στῆλα πλάνων οὐδὲ κείνα.

Idyl. xxii.

\* The bears and asses with the stall between them foretold a voyage safe and sky serene.'

Mr. Chapman, in his translation, observes that 'the asses are two stars of the fourth magnitude in the breast of Cancer.' Aratus also alludes to them. 'If two asses are stars, why should not one mule enjoy the same honour?'

1646.' I suspected, at one time, that the error arose from *Litheosphorus* being mistaken for a star, and no attention being paid to that explanation 'sive de lapide Bononiensi.' I am now satisfied that my suspicion was unfounded, and that the blunder is gravely, deliberately, and learnedly perpetrated; it is not to be attributed to the mere ignorance, that *lapis* means a stone, not a star, but to a very ingenious process of reasoning, by which phosphorus was metamorphosed into a heavenly body. To demonstrate this in 'as correct and complete' a manner, 'as the circumstances of the case will allow,' I beg to call your royal highness's attention to another work by Liceti, which does exist in the library of the Royal Society, and which was catalogued in the following manner, in the specimen now under consideration:

Licetus (Fort.) *De Luna sub obscura luce prope Conjunctiones Libri III. 4to. Utini, 1642.*

In my proofs it stands thus:

Licetus (Fortunius). *De Luna sub obscura luce prope conjunctiones, et in eclipsibus observata. 4to. Utini, 1642.*

The 50th chapter in the 'Litheosphorus,' is entitled, *De Luna subobscura luce prope conjunctiones et in deficiens observata, digressio physico-mathematica.* In this work Liceti declares, 'Iunem illud obscurum non esse solaris nunc a terra revibratum in lunare superficiem,' against the opinion of one Galileo, (not less known than Cavalieri out of the Royal Society's apartments) who held it 'essere effetto cagionato dal reflesso de' raggi solari nella superficie del nostro globo terrestre.' At the request of Leopold, Prince of Tuscany, Galileo wrote to him a long letter in Italian, dated Arcetri, 1st of March, 1640, the object of which was to answer Liceti's objections, as well as to shew that the opinion which he held, that the light in question originated 'ex reperusu solaris luminis ab aethera luna contermino,' was incorrect. Liceti states in these words his opinion, at the very beginning of the work, 'De Luna subobscura luce,' and continues, 'Quam opinione colere placuit in opere de Lunae Bononiensi lucifero, qui cum Luna in ista passione mihi visus est habere miram analogiam.' This special treatise 'De Luna subobscura luce,' was written on purpose to reply to Galileo, whose Italian letter is inserted at length, and analysed, paragraph by paragraph. Whoever catalogued the last of these works, happening to cast his eyes on the first page, where the words just quoted occur, thinking that Lucifer must mean either the devil or a star, and observing that the Lucifer spoken of by Liceti was one which, according to this author, had a wonderful analogy with the moon, he came to the philosophical conclusion, that it must rather be like a star than like a devil, and, therefore, scientifically classed the work 'De lapide Bononiensi lucifero,' among other books on stars, star-fish included, as I shall presently have the honour to shew to your royal highness. To unravel the motives for human actions is always a difficult task; and your royal highness will admit, that to discover the motives by which were guided the persons who classed these books, requires more depth of learning than I can, unfortunately, lay claim to: my conjectures, therefore, may not meet with universal approbation; but then, what other reason can be assigned for placing a book on Phosphorus or Bologna-stone, not in the collection, among the astronomical treasures in the library? The work by Linck is to be found entered in my catalogue in the following manner:

<sup>1</sup> Linckius (Johannes Henricus). De stellis marinis : figuræ et autoris observationes dispositæ et illustravit C. G. Fischer; accedit E. Luldil, de Reaumur, et D. Kade hujus argumenti opuscula. fol. Lipsie, 1733.

Your royal highness may have heard of the Board of Agriculture having sent for twelve copies of Miss Edgeworth's essay on ' Irish Bulls,' for the use of that Institution ; and this ludicrous mistake was thought so exquisite, that no one would have fancied it could possibly be equalled. But the attempt at cataloguing drawn up by some learned astronomers, the ornament and pride of the Royal Society, proves that among the members of this famous institution there are some who could leave the whole Board of Agriculture in the shade. The work on star-fish, mistaken for a work on constellations, not only is adorned with plates, shewing that it treated of aquatic, not heavenly bodies, but on the very title-page there is an oval engraving representing, on the upper half, the heavens covered with stars, and the lower half, the sea with star-fish ; with the motto, *sicut superius ita est inferius*, which was taken literally by the acute individual who made this entry, and who very mathematically argued that the stars below must belong to the domain of astronomical science, if they be, as the author declares, like those above. On the recto of the following page, a dedication of the work occurs to Sir Hans Sloane, as president, and to the fellows of the Royal Society, which, probably, was either passed over unread by the modest fellow who catalogued the book, or served to dazzle his understanding with such passages as this, ' fulgent sidera in celis, in orbis litterario illustris vestra societas. Sideribus inscribere stellas convenient.' But, how could any one doubt that the work was astronomical, when the writer provokingly begins his preface, ' Caelorum spectare sidera decet juvataque Astronomos ?' It is true he continues, ' Physicorum interest stellis marinis visum intendere.' But this was, probably, taken for a figurative speech ; and with that bold decision by which great men are distinguished, this work on so inferior a subject as star-fish, dedicated to the Royal Society, was by the *élite* of that same body declared to be a treatise on much higher bodies — on constellations, and, consequently, classed among astronomical books ; whilst I, thinking marine stars to be animals, did not dare to follow an example so *splendide mendax*, and classed the work among others on zoological subjects. What a difference, both with respect to the length of the title, and the classes in which it was entered ! Linckius would rise from his grave, were he to see misclassified a work which, as he said, he had dedicated to the resplendent constellations forming the Royal Society of his days, just because it treated of stars ! How fortunate that the learned persons who are to render my catalogue correct and complete, have it still in their power to oppose his indignant shade, by re-classing the work among astronomical treatises ! These few specimens will satisfy any one of the justice of my assertion, that it was impossible to correct such a work."

These illustrations are, no doubt, sufficiently ludicrous, but it seems, in the end, that the council were as much dissatisfied with Mr. Panizzi's catalogue as he was with theirs. They insisted on revising and correcting it, which he resisted. They ordered it to be executed in *Classes* ; and he expends many arguments to demonstrate the absurdity of that method, and the superiority of his own views in favour of an alphabetic catalogue, with an index of matters. Other points came into dispute ; and, at last, after an immense load of correspondence,

crimination, and recrimination, the whole affair exploded ; Mr. Panizzi was, in effect, dismissed with a payment of 477*l.*, whilst he asserts that the value of his labour amounts to 720*l.* Into all these particulars, occupying, as they do, some thirty closely printed pages, it is impossible for us to enter. Of the corrections made on his production, Mr. P. says :

" The very classes which had passed one ordeal, when submitted to another, were more altered ; and, as I had foreseen, the greater was the number of the alterations and of the persons making them in the several classes, the greater were the discrepancies and inconsistencies. One found fault with the length of the titles ; another with their shortness : one did not like the arrangements of ' Transactions ' ; others did not object to it ; and the same parties would have them arranged in one way in one class, and another in another ; in one class, I was desired to make alterations, which, in the identical case in other classes, were not required ; some disapproved of meteorology being united with chemistry ; and others would have no physiology and medicine in the same class with anatomy, which was the same as to wish me to reclass the whole library, after having been compelled to adopt a bad classification ; at last, the very type itself, the use of capitals, the use of italics, punctuation,—and every thing, in fact, which had been previously discussed and arranged,—were now found fault with, and all laid to my charge ; and, of course, it was expected to be altered. I then saw that the resolutions were even worse practically than they seemed to be theoretically, and I determined to shew the impossibility of complying with them, as well as the injustice of expecting me to do so."

The dispute accordingly grew fiercer and more fierce ; till, at length, Mr. Panizzi appears to have become so angry with the council, and so very suspicious of their intentions towards him, that he would put the most dubious construction upon the words of their resolutions, when communicated to him ; and, in one instance, we think too fastidiously, refused to accept rather plain terms in the sense of their common acceptance. We allude to a Resolution of July 7th, 1836, where the council " regret that Mr. Panizzi should find any difficulty in complying with the resolutions of the catalogue committee of the 25th of April last ; but, in order to meet Mr. Panizzi's wishes, the council consent that he should consider the remarks of the committee only as suggestions for *his guidance*."

Upon this conciliatory resolution, a friend advises him to put an offensive construction ; and away again go hammer and tongs, to shew that it was only meant to be a ruse and take-in. Under these impressions, offers are made of reference, of which the council take no notice ; and, finally, they refuse to hold any further correspondence with their inexorable and indefatigable accuser. He would not return the *revised* they demanded, and he charges them with unhandsomely using a key, deposited with their under secretary, under a pledge of safe custody ; thus depriving him of the proof necessary to support his demand for remuneration. Altogether, it is a strange, and not very creditable business, of which we take leave in a few last words of the writer.

" The situation in which I am now placed is such as to preclude me from any remedy. The council, knowing the precise number of titles which I have catalogued, know to a fraction how much they owe me ; and, as they do not pay the balance, there can be no doubt they do not mean to pay it, unless they be compelled to

it. Now, they are well aware that I have not the means of compulsion, inasmuch as I cannot prove how many thousand titles they took from my drawers ; I am therefore stopped in *limine*, and cannot even make a claim upon them. Possibly, there is some legal means of obtaining redress ; but in a country like this, justice is not a luxury for a poor man to indulge in ; and the council, having at their disposal the funds of the Royal Society, can amuse themselves, without personal trouble or loss, with a lawsuit which I have not the means of sustaining. As for public opinion, I am not so silly as to think that any one will care a rush about my loss, and the injustice to which I must submit. Moreover, a powerful body like the council, who do not scruple at trifles, will find it very easy to misrepresent the case, and to raise an outcry against an alien whose wrongs may be made a subject of sport and ridicule. All this I know : the council know it too. Had I been an Englishman, well connected, with good interest, assisted by powerful friends disposed to see justice done to me, I should never have had to submit to the treatment which the council have nobly dared to use towards me. At present, were I to stoop to be patronised by great men, and through them to crave as a boon what I claim as my right, I might receive, through a job, what I do not get through justice. But, although the council may glory in their achievement in retaining what they owe to me, they shall never have the power of exulting in my having condescended to beg of them to act honestly. It is no small pride for me, that the council of the Royal Society do not disdain to appropriate my property to the increase " of their limited funds," by means which I have no doubt are justified, in their opinion, by the end which they have in view — the advancement of natural — if not moral — science. \* \* \* The public will perceive that a contract was entered into between the council of the Royal Society and myself for the performance of a literary work : that the council broke the terms of that contract : that they refused to state by what right they did so : that they would never answer my proposals of referring to arbitration any point in which they thought I did not act in accordance with our agreement : that, after the rudest and most uncourteous proceeding, they stooped to having clandestine access to private drawers containing the proofs of what they owe to me, and have now the meanness not to pay their debt, which by their dishonest proceedings they are aware it is out of my power legally to claim."

We have but one or two observations to add : — To mention that there is some indifferent English in this appeal, though extraordinary for a foreigner ; and to express our surprise, that all the proceedings of the council seem to be repeated out of its private room, as immediately and publicly as if they sat with reporters to report them.

*Mary Raymond, and other Tales.* By the Author of "Mothers and Daughters." 3 vols. London, 1838. Colburn. THE first story in this collection is singularly touching and beautiful. It paints a wretchedness " taking many shapes and wearing many names ;" but still wretchedness the hardest to bear, that which is part of ordinary existence — the existence of dependence. What a picture is the following passage, where Mary Raymond contrasts the preparations for her cousin's marriage with those for her own !

" But there was something in the stir and

bustle of the house, and more particularly in the maternal and paternal anxieties of Sir Charles and his wife, which grated painfully on the feelings of Mary. It was now just a twelvemonth since these people had conducted her to the altar; just a twelvemonth since her bandboxes of wedding finery had been hurried into the house. And who had shed tears for her? Who had experienced a moment's misgiving as to the temper or principles of the man to whom her vows of eternal love and submission were to be dedicated? Who had cared to inquire into the antecedents of his family—their temper—their temperament? Alas! Merstham's official eminence had been accepted as the voucher of his respectability—his house in Grosvenor Place as the certificate of his worthiness. A man, with an income of four thousand a year, proposing to a portentous niece, could, in fact, be neither mad, nor bad, nor even indifferent. Mary recollects how Sir Charles, without actually forcing him on her acceptance, had pointed out, in the sternest and least ornamental prose, that her situation in life was a very precarious one; that in case of the decease of Lady Raymond and himself, she would be destitute of a home; that her net income amounted to eighty-four pounds per annum; and, if he did not add that it was her *duty* to herself and the family to accept so respectable a protector, he implied it as plainly as ever yet injunction was implied by uncle. She recollects that the authoritative Lady Raymond had said to her, a few days previously to her marriage, ‘I hope and trust, Mary, I shall see no tears on Thursday. It would be a very bad compliment to Mr. Merstham, and a poor return for all the kindness your uncle has shewn you, if you seemed to form with reluctance a connexion we judge so suitable, and so well calculated to secure your happiness.’ And thus, poor girl, even the luxury of tears was denied her—to her, who had so little besides; while Juliana, rich in the devoted affection of the lover of her choice, surrounded by troops of friends, and sinking under the prosperities of life, might have wept fountains unreproved!

But the whole story is so exquisitely wrought out, that we are unwilling to destroy the effect by piecemeal quotation. We shall only commend it to our readers as among the very best of Mrs. Gore's productions. Its companions are as various in merit as the printed form they assume—the type of the second and third volumes being different from that of the first. They are too French—from which the hints of many of them are taken—and rather withdrawn, with one startling situation. The following scene is a fair specimen. The invalid, who has been such for years, is on her death-bed, surrounded by her family and her husband.

“By the light of that ill-omened lamp I looked upon the pale, pale face of madame, scarcely distinguishable from the white pillow on which it rested, and noticed the slender hands devoutly crossed upon the breast of the sufferer, as though it had been too great an indulgence for a dying sinner to suffer them to be clasped in the endearing grasp of the loved ones who knelt around her couch. Mademoiselle Sophie's head was buried in the coverlid; Claire and Antoinette were entwined in each other's arms; but on the face of the poor father was utter despair. ‘Take courage!’ said I, after having bent over her, and examined her countenance. ‘Heaven is giving her renewed strength. Her breath is free—her pulse beats stronger. Speak, dear lady!

Set their hearts at ease! You are better; are you not?’ ‘Almost well!’ replied Madame de St. Sauveur, in a voice whose hollowness startled her hearers with horror. ‘Raise me up, Victorine, and give me my last measure of earthly sustenance, that my soul may bless you before I die.’ Although nearly motionless, sir, with awe, I obeyed her injunctions. I raised her in my arms—I lifted to her lips a cordial potion; and, as she stooped her head to drink, I heard a murmur between her parched lips. And, trembling as I listened, I wiped away the heavy dew from her dying brow, and supported her emaciated frame in my arms, when, on a sudden, she called wildly on the marquis to draw near, and cried aloud, in a hoarse voice, that she must not die till all should be accomplished. ‘I cannot go hence,’ said she, ‘till justice has been done. A secret lies heavy on my soul—to weigh me down to destruction. My husband will curse me in my last moments—my children will loathe me in the grave—yet, behold, my task must be fulfilled.’ ‘No, no!’ ejaculated Monsieur de St. Sauveur, breathless with consternation, and willing to impute the incoherent words of his wife to delirious excitement. ‘You are destroying yourself by this violence. Tranquillise your nerves by night's rest. The curé of Icart has been sent for, and, in the morning, the spiritual consolations of the church will restore you to a happier frame of mind.’ ‘He shall seek me in the morning, and he shall not find me,’ answered the marchioness, in a wild but solemn voice. ‘But tell him that if I died unblessed by the sacraments of grace, it was that I held myself unworthy to approach them in my struggle with death; although, if earthly penance may avail in the sight of the Most High, for years and years I have neither stirred or rested, save with the remembrance of my sin before my eyes.’ ‘If not in mercy to yourself—in pity to me,—desist!’ cried the poor marquis, covering his face with his hands. ‘Nay!’ replied the dying penitent, in a tone hoarse with the near approach of death; ‘I have deferred my confessions too long already. Husband, my eyes are dim, and I behold your face no longer. Children, my hands are cold as the clod of the valley, and your embraces must be mine no more. Grant me only a word of pity—a word of pardon!’ ‘Mighty Heaven!’ cried Ma'melle Sophie, almost distracted, ‘restore her to herself! She raves!’ ‘Oh! no, no—I am not raving,’ faltered the marchioness. ‘With the full and perfect possession of my faculties, I avow that one of the daughters now weeping beside me is not the offspring of my husband!’ A thunderbolt falling into the chamber of death could not have produced a more startling sensation. The horror of the announcement burst at once upon the minds of the girls. One of them, then, was an alien. One of them was about to be cast forth. One of them upon the verge of orphanhood. Involuntarily the three sisters precipitated themselves at the feet of him whom each still trusted might be her father. The words resounded in their ears,—‘one of them is not the offspring of my husband!’ ‘Oh, do not say it is I! Mother, mother! say not, say not, that it is I!’ cried Sophie, writhing with agony. ‘We have been so happy together!’ ejaculated Claire, embracing both her sisters; ‘and must we part at last?’—while Antoinette, pale as her dying mother, was unable to utter a syllable; but kept convulsively kissing the hand of the marquis, as if a sentence of illegitimacy would prove to her young heart a sentence of death. ‘And since I must

die with the brand of guilt upon my brow,’ added the dying woman, ‘let me at least atone the injury I have inflicted by a final act of justice.’ ‘Not another word!’ cried Monsieur de St. Sauveur, advancing solemnly towards the bed-side; ‘such atonement were a deeper injury. I have loved—I love these three children as my own. I cannot spare the one of which you would deprive me. I have heard too much; I wish to hear no more. You have robbed me of my tenderness towards the wife of my youth; bereave me not of one of my beloved girls.’ The sisters sprang at once into his arms. They bathed him with their tears; they clung to the heart—the generous heart of that best of men; and lo! a flush of indescribable joy lighted up the countenance of the guilty mother, whom for a moment they had forgotten. ‘I die content!’ she faltered, laying her poor head upon my shoulders. ‘The innocent one will not be driven forth to perish. Blessings on him—blessings on them—I die content.’ Loudly, at that moment, did I call upon the marquis, to extend his hand to her in token of forgiveness; for I saw that her spirit was passing away. And, after a moment's pause, he did so; but the concession came too late. She was gone! she was at rest! Yet I would have given much that her dying ears had caught the parting adjuration of her husband:—‘Thy sins be forgiven thee above, as I have truly and freely forgiven them!—Vade in pace.’

We must, though we have seen it before, particularise “Lady Evelyn Saville's Three Trials;” it belongs to a higher moral order than the melodramatic Gallicisms.

*Kay's Works, with Biographical Sketches. Parts II. and III.* Edinburgh, Paton; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

From the first Part of this amusing publication we quoted some pleasant anecdotes. We proceed to transcribe a few from the Parts before us.

*Dr. Webster.*—“Dr. Webster was married to Miss Mary Erskine, a young lady of fortune, daughter of Colonel John Erskine (brother of Sir Charles Erskine, of Alva, Bart.), by Euphemia, daughter of William Cochran, Esq. of Ochiltree. She was nearly related to the family of Dundonald, and was courted by some of the first peers of the realm. This connexion originated in a somewhat curious manner. During his residence at Culross, Mr. Webster was employed by a friend to procure for him the good graces of Miss Erskine, who then resided at Valleyfield, in the neighbourhood. This duty he faithfully performed, and urged his friend's suit with all the eloquence he was master of, but to no purpose. At length, wearied with his importunities in the cause of another, and at the same time prepossessed by his own figure and accomplishments, both of which were eminently attractive, Miss Erskine plumply remarked to him, ‘You would come better speed, Sandy, if you would speak for yourself;’ and on this hint Mr. Webster did indeed speak, and to such purpose, that they were shortly afterwards married. \*

“No less remarkable for his wit and convivial powers than for his more solid qualities, Dr. Webster was as great a favourite at the social board as in the pulpit. He was particularly fond of claret. A friend, on whom he called one day, and who was aware of his predilection for this liquor, said he would give him a treat, adding that he had a bottle of claret which was upwards of forty years old. The bottle was accordingly produced, but proved to be only a pint bottle. ‘Dear me,’ said the

disappointed doctor, taking it up in his hand, "but it's unco little o' its age!" "

*Baile Lothian.*—“ Baile Lothian, though a very excellent person, was not remarkable for his literary acquirements. The late Mr. Smellie, printer, invited him to attend the funeral of Mr. Greenlaw, teacher and preacher of the Gospel, Edinburgh: the funeral letters were, at the dying request of that gentleman, written in Latin. The receipt of this circular puzzled the worthy magistrate exceedingly—for hours he turned it over and over again, without being able to make any thing of it. On a sudden a new light came upon him. He remembered that Mr. Smellie had published some animadversions upon the conduct of the magistrates, and he sagely concluded this to be a fresh libel, not only upon the whole civic authorities, but upon himself in particular. Impressed with this idea, he determined to lay the matter before his brethren; and, accordingly, at the first meeting of council, he threw the mysterious paper, with great indignation, on the table, observing, that this was another ‘skit’ by that fellow Smellie on the magistracy! His astonishment may be well conceived, when those present, so far from sympathising with him, received his extraordinary communication with reiterated bursts of laughter.”

*Roger Hog, Esq.*—“ Being very parsimonious, he amassed a large fortune. Beside his landed property, he died possessed of personal estate to a vast amount, the succession to which was contested, and gave rise to the celebrated case of Lashley against Hog. It is said that Mr. Hog, amongst other economical habits, used to dispose of his poultry, and, to superintend the trade himself, he usually brought them to market in his carriage. His son and heir going out one day to Newliston, to visit his father, met him on his way to town. The servants knowing their master was short-sighted, drove the carriage close up, that they might converse together. The son, in popping his head in at the carriage-window, was, to his infinite astonishment, immediately seized by the nose by an enraged turkey-cock on his way to the market.”

*Francis Grose, Esq. F.A.S.*—“ He was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself with the greatest good humour on the singular rotundity of his figure. The following epigram, written in a moment of festivity by the celebrated Robert Burns, the Ayrshire bard, was so much relished by Grose, that he made it serve as an excuse for prolonging the convivial occasion that gave it birth to a very late hour: The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying, So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying: But when he approach'd where poor Franch lay moaning, And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning! Astonished, confounded, cries Satan, ‘I'd want him, ere take such a — load.’”

*Samuel M'Donald, or Big Sam.*—“ On one occasion, having been challenged by two soldiers of his own regiment, on the understanding that he was to fight both at once, Samuel agreed, but said, as he had no quarrel with them he should wish to shake hands with them before they began. One of the combatants instantly held out his hand. Samuel took hold of it; but, instead of giving it the friendly shake expected, he used it as a lever to raise its owner from the ground, when he swung him round as he would a cat by the tail, and threw him to a great distance. The other combatant, not admiring this preliminary process, took to his heels.”

*Dr. Black and Dr. Hutton.*—“ Several highly respectable literary gentlemen proposed to hold a convivial meeting once a-week, and

deputed two of their number, Doctors Black and Hutton, to look out for a suitable house of entertainment to meet in. The two, accordingly, sallied out for this purpose; and, seeing on the South Bridge a sign with the words, ‘ Stewart, vintner, down-stairs,’ they immediately went into the house and demanded a sight of their best room, which was accordingly shewn to them, and which pleased them much. Without further inquiry, the meetings were fixed by them to be held in this house, and the club assembled there during the greater part of the winter; till, one evening, Dr. Hutton, being rather late, was surprised, when going in, to see a whole bevy of well-dressed but somewhat brazen-faced young ladies brush past him, and take refuge in an adjoining apartment. He then, for the first time, began to think that all was not right, and communicated his suspicions to the rest of the company. Next morning the notable discovery was made, that our amiable philosophers had introduced their friends to one of the most noted houses of bad fame in the city! These attached friends agreed in their opposition to the usual vulgar prejudices, and frequently discoursed together upon the absurdity of many generally received opinions, especially in regard to diet. On one occasion they had a disquisition upon the inconsistency of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Snails, for instance—why not use them as articles of food? They were well known to be nutritious and wholesome—even sanative in some cases. The epicures, in olden times, esteemed as a most delicious treat the snails fed in the marble-quarries of Lucca. The Italians still hold them in esteem. The two philosophers, perfectly satisfied that their countrymen were acting most absurdly in not making snails an ordinary article of food, resolved themselves to set an example; and, accordingly, having procured a number, caused them to be stewed for dinner. No guests were invited to the banquet. The snails were in due season served up; but, alas! great is the difference between theory and practice: so far from exciting the appetite, the smoking dish acted in a diametrically opposite manner, and neither party felt much inclination to partake of its contents. Nevertheless, if they looked on the snails with disgust, they retained their awe for each other; so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began with infinite exertion to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed. Dr. Black at length broke the ice, but in a delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate. ‘ Doctor,’ he said, in his precise and quiet manner,—‘ doctor, do you not think that they taste a little—a very little queer?’ D—queer! d—queer, indeed! — tak them awa’, tak them awa!’ vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from table, and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence.”

*Electricity; its Nature, Operation, and Importance in the Phenomena of the Universe.* By William Leithed, Secretary to the London Electrical Society. 8vo. pp. 399. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THERE is not a truism in the literature of physical science which will admit of less controversy, than that the science of electricity is not yet in that condition in which its importance in the phenomena of the universe can be much more than guessed at. Hence the absence of any systematic works upon the subject. The elements of the science are well treated of in most modern chemical works; and Mrs. Somerville’s admirable little book

contains the best view of the progress of electro-magnetism and electro-galvanism: but there still remained an excellent opening for a work like the one before us, but which, we regret to say, by no means possesses the qualifications most desirable in such a treatise. If we might judge of a man’s mind by his work, we should say that Mr. Leithed, possessed of much caution, has still a decided preference for the unreal over the real; and hence the long and, perhaps, tedious experimental inductions of modern investigators, are neglected for theories of cholera, fever, thunder-storms, and the hap-hazard but brilliant discoveries of Mr. Crosse. There is not a greater desideratum just now, than a condensed and intelligible view of the discoveries of Mr. Faraday, diffused as they are through the ponderous tomes of the Royal Society, or such brief reports as the *Literary Gazette* could give;\* and the researches of Béquerel, unnoticed here, on electro-crystallisation, preceded those of Mr. Crosse. The extracts taken from various physiological writers, to shew the opinions held of the connexion existing between nervous and electric action, would appear, isolated as they now stand, to be so many attempts made by those eminent men to approach the perfection of an electric theory, such as is propounded for us by the author in his circulatory nervous conductors. But they are, in fact, only pegs upon which to hang the said theory. Every physiologist, and every man of science, is now deeply imbued with the idea of a connexion between modified forms of electric action, and many vital phenomena—intimate relations of mind and matter, which will render more remote than ever the supposed boundaries of philosophy, and which faintly shadow forth the outlines of a science in which the *elements of investigation* have not yet been discovered. Sensible of this condition of an ever-progressive knowledge, Faraday, Wilson Philip, Magendie, Bostock, Mayo, and a host of others, have, not as leading arguments, but as urged upon them by some momentary subject of discussion, intimated briefly and darkly the existence of a nervo-electric power. It is saying much for Mr. Leithed, that, in handling this subject, he has done so without entering too widely into the regions of hypothesis; and the greatest novelty offered in the inquiry is the connexion of electricity with certain gaseous conditions, and the almost hypothetical conjecture regarding the nature of our atmosphere. We almost wish the work may go through another edition, that its few faults may be corrected. The constant habit of running away from the subject, when a new train of thought suggests itself, as in article Clouds (p. 334), betrays habits of writing without discipline; and there are rhapsodies, as at p. 298, upon a dew-drop, exhibiting a desire to be eloquent, which is pardonable, but not pleasing. We may remind the author, that Dr. Henry’s and Dr. Turner’s chemical works proceeded from small beginnings; and it only remains to keep to this really inductive part of the science, to render the present book the manual of the day.

*The Book of Beauty.*  
[Second Notice.]

IT is not often that we afford a second notice to an Annual, but the circumstance mentioned

\* These reports, we are proud to say, have been authentic and correct, so far as they could go; but, how insufficient they must, of necessity, be, in conveying a complete idea of the great scientific achievements of Mr. Faraday, we are reluctantly compelled to admit.—*Ed. L. G.*

in our last, viz. that our copy of the *Book of Beauty* had miscarried till too late for us to give it a fair examination, induces us to recur to its lustrious external and satisfactory internal qualities, both as regards miscellaneous literature and specimens of art. The clothing is, we think, the most handsome we ever saw in this style of "silken sheen;" and the engravings, thirteen in number, are very charming. Among these, we did mention Mrs. Wombwell's as a lovely portrait; and "Lady Chesterfield," after E. Landseer, by H. Robinson, deserves almost similar praise. A bust of the Queen, as a vignette on the title-page, is a graceful production. "Mrs. H. Bathurst and Child," and "Aisha," are quite in Chalon's way; and yet "Miss Lethbridge," by Hayter, is much in the same manner. "Dolorida," by K. Meadows, has somewhat more depth or colour. The "Butterfly," by Hayter, two beautiful children, is in a like free sketchy character, and would, in our opinion, have been improved had their childish eyes and attention been directed to the fragile object which gives its name to the print. "Marguerite," by Bostock, competes, without disadvantage, with all the delightful artists we have specified. "Mrs. Fairlie" is an exquisite portrait, by J. Wood; and "Katerina," by the same, an exquisite companion to it. "Rhoda," by J. J. Jenkins, is not unworthy of this beautiful assemblage; and "Mrs. Lane Fox" completes the group, as it should be, though, perhaps, a little clearness might be desired in the execution.

In again making a choice from the literary contents, we trust that going to the same well of poetry will find its excuse, first, in the novelty of the *débutante*, and, secondly, in the merits of her performance, of which we are not aware how much may be due to the French original, but feel that this version is full of bold and forcible imagery and effect.

"*Dolorida*. From the French of the Count A. De Vigny.

By Mrs. Torre Holme.

Yo amo mas tu amas que tu vida.

J'adore mieux ton ame que que ta vie.

Prov. Espagnol.

Has passion kindled you mysterious light,  
To guide a lover through the gloom of night;  
Von shaded lamp, that at this silent hour,  
Through gauze and crystal, sheds a softer'd power;  
As the fresh breezes through the foliage glide,  
Behold! the Moorish window opens wide;  
The fair moon rises; and her silver ray  
Looks calm and holy, like the dawn of day;  
While earth's fierce fires contrast with those above,  
As human passion vies with heavenly love.  
Now like a stream of milk upon the ground  
The moon-beams pour, and whiten all around;  
Steal through the chamber, and reveal to view  
The velvet cushions, and their azure hue,  
The silken ottoman of gorgeous dye.  
Where carelessly the unlosed volume lies;  
The moving picture, to mark the hours;  
Vase of gold, rich urns of blooming flowers;  
The pure Madonna's image, and—most fair—  
A couch, with lovely form reclining there.  
Oh! never in Madrid did noble knight  
See so much beauty to such grace unite;  
Never for brighter charms, when day decay'd,  
Awoke a lover's melting serenade;  
Never before the altar sweeter eyes  
Turned from their rosary to meet the skies :  
Or in the vast arena, where the dames  
Of Spain assembled, view those dangerous games,  
In which the matadores' triumphant skill  
By woman's warm applause is greeted still;  
Amid the snowy hands in movement there,  
None 'neath their black mantilla shone more fair.

But, oh, young Spaniards! in whose bosoms burn  
An ardent flame, which meets with no return;  
Over crowds of slaves while her disdainful eye,  
Careless of conquest, passes coldly by;  
If, when in silks and pearls that form was bright,  
Which of you would not perish with delight  
To look upon its loveliness to-night?  
And the avenging dagger boldly meet,  
To gaze upon those white uncover'd feet,  
That ivory throat, that bosom, smooth and fair,  
Those long black tresses of luxuriant hair,  
Which on her glossy shoulders fall around,  
Then, like the willow's branches, sweep the ground?

A simple robe, of texture soft and light,  
O'er Dolorida throws its veil of white;  
Eavel'd in its folds, her form divine  
Seems like a statue for Love's holiest shrine:  
Her polished arms support her languid head;  
Yet still she slumbers not; and hours have fled,  
Since toward the celestial tomb her weary eye,  
Has marked its solemn hand, creeps slowly by.  
But who is he such anguish does not touch?  
He loves not, then! he whom she loves so much.  
Each day, with careless haste, she feels him press  
Upon her eager lip a cold caress;  
While in her heart a love that cannot die.  
Grows with disdain, and feeds on agony.

Perhaps, young wife, had thy sweet charms possessed  
The true devotion of thy husband's breast,  
Some fondling fingers might have light, without control,  
Had he reigned within them enough ardent soul :  
For woman's love is like an infant's play;  
The fairest toys, obtained, he casts away,  
And tramples with disdain on flowers most bright,  
To chase the insect in its rapid flight.

Three hours since midnight! Oh! how sad and drear  
The lapse of time strikes on the mourner's ear!  
Marking, when absence is the source of grief,  
The tedious hours that fail to bring relief.  
The lamp grows paler, its expiring light  
Now fades to dimness, now burns fiercely bright;  
Like to death to dimness, whose looks are cast  
Faintly to earth—it struggles to the last.  
To Dolorida's eyes, once bright with gloom,  
A darker horror overshades the room.  
The cold has seized her; but when sorrow lies  
Deep in the soul, it knows not tears nor sighs;  
Tranquill she seems, but wounds in anguish vain  
With jealous tooth the hand that feels no pain.

How long the silence lasts! but steps are near,  
Her husband's steps—he enters—he is here.  
She trembles not his aspect to behold;  
Where some dark tragic at one is told:  
She views unmov'd his pale and altered face,  
Where death's cold hand hath set a fearful trace—  
She sees him beautiful, in manhood's bloom—  
Approach her couch, as though it were his tomb.

His mantle's folds exhaust his feeble strength,  
His sword weighs heavily—he falls at length;  
But, resting on his knees, in accents weak,  
With faint and trembling lips, essays to speak.

"I come to bid farewell, ere I expire,  
Dolorida, for I die! an unknown fire  
Its burning current pours through all my veins,  
Till at my tortured heart it anguish reigns.  
My feet are cold, dark mists obscure my sight;  
My strength thrice failed, returning here to-night.  
But I would see thee, when the fever came,  
And fierce convulsions shook my shudd'ring frame;  
I died, I die; but in my latest hour,  
Still shall my parting soul retain the power  
To call thee back; absence yet will dear—  
Dearest of all. Dying, I struggled here;  
And at thy feet my pangs are half forgot."

"Why come to die? in life you sought me not."

"Hast thou no mercy? Canst thou harshly steel  
Thy bosom to the deep remorse I feel?  
Come, touch upon my brow the death-damp cold,  
The glassy dimness of my eyes behold;  
Give, give thine hand—one word! Oh, let me hear  
One word of kindness in my dying ear!  
Does not my youth some gentle feeling move  
Of pity, for, alas! I ask not love.  
Let my forgiven spirit part in peace,  
Feeling thy anger with my life will cease;  
Shew some indulgence in this awful hour."

"Death is but death. Revenge should have more power."

"O God! so young! and such a heart of stone!  
Alas! what suffering must that heart have known,  
To change it thus! but I myself upbraid:  
To see the fearful wreck that grief hath made:  
In thy harsh language all my guilt is shewn;  
Thy very cruelty is mine alone.  
But come, draw nearer, let mine accents steal  
Into thy wounded soul with power to heal;  
I swear—and I am dying—every word.  
Before the Saviour's image may be heard:  
My arms are weak, or I would raise them there,  
Touching the sacred crucifix, to swear  
That ever o'er my heart, in passion's hour,  
Thy cherished form retained its hollow'd power.  
I saw thee, still, between my fault and me;  
My very faithlessness was full of thee:  
Thy image ever to my mind appeared  
Lovelier in tears, and by my guilt endear'd;  
Beguiled by pleasures that are false and brief,  
I own my frailty—but behold my grief—I  
have but twenty summers—and I die—"

"Did she, my rival, view thine agony?"

"Oh, what a cruel joy thy speech reveals!  
Alas! be happy in the pain she feels.  
When first this horrid anguish racked my frame,  
I saw her weep, and shudder at thy name;  
There, there I called for in my vain despair—  
My only terror was to perish there,  
Away from thee: to die without the power  
To claim thy pardon in my parting hour.

Wilt thou not grant it to my deep distress?  
One word, one sign, one look of tenderness?  
Oh, speak before I die! But what contains  
That cup, thy eager lip so fiercely drains  
With such strange haste?"

"The poison is thy breast,  
I gave thee yesterday . . . I drink the rest."

Of the prose, Barry Cornwall's tale, told in his most simple and touching manner, is best suited to our page; though we should remark on the peasant and varied interest which attaches to the other writers, such as Lord W. Lennox ("Legend of Hahnaker"), who is following up his first steps, in publishing with great spirit; Mrs. Norton, even on the old subject of a "Monk of La Trappe;" Mr. Bernal, in his "Rhoda Tracy;" and the Author of "Vivian Grey;" W. S. Landor; "The Concert," by Miss Worthington, and other contributors.

"We live in a world of busy passions. Love and hate, sorrow and joy, in a thousand shapes, are for ever near us. Death is at our threshold. Life springs up almost at our feet. Our neighbours are 'Exultations, Agonies!' And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all. Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would lie unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted (like the people in the palace of Truth), all contributing their share to the unknown romance which Time is for ever weaving round us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies, almost unknown, and soon forgotten; unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence into another region, or to hold his 'fame' in suspension, twenty years after his coffin has been lowered into the dust. It was some such chance as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge certain facts, regarding a neighbouring family, which else had probably slipped very quietly into oblivion. You will observe, that what I am now about to relate is, almost literally, a fact. Some years ago, we lived, as you know, in — Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back of the house. It was spacious, and not without some pretensions to the graceful; the marble chimney-piece being distinguished by a painting by Cipriani, whilst on the ceiling were scattered some of the conventional elegancies of Angelica Kauffman. From the windows, which occupied the northern extremity of the room, we looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the back of a crescent of houses,—the points of the arecading from us. [I mention these things, merely to recall to your mind our precise position.] In the centre of this crescent, was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbour dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only was, for some reason, deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the causes of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly—it was on an April morning—we perceived, for the first time, signs of change. The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen busting about its different rooms. There was an air of preparation, evidently, which announced an incoming tenant. 'Well,' said —, 'at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough to take his haunted

house; or, perhaps, after all, he is merely endeavouring to decoy the unwary passenger. We shall see.' A few weeks determined the question: for, after the house had been duly cleansed and beautified, and the odour of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms. These were of moderate price, and explained to us that the new tenant was a person of respectable station, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know 'what manner of man' he was. Our interest in the once empty house had received a new impulse; and we looked out, day after day, for the stranger's arrival. At last, a young man, of lively and agreeable presence, was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. This was evidently the master of the mansion. He stayed for half an hour, then departed; and he repeated his short visit daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office,—a merchant or professional man,—whose time was required elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? That was a problem that we strove to solve in vain. In the end, he went away altogether.

'Each morn we missed him in th' accustomed room—'

And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen. Throwing open the windows at morning, to let in the vernal May; closing them at night; rubbing, with a delicate hand, the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighbourhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, 'imparadised' in rustic dreams, she appeared to be the sole spirit of the spot. It was not the '*genius loci*' which we had reckoned upon. Our imaginations were not satisfied; and we looked forward confidently to another comer. We were not disappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast, with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and attired from head to foot in white, she was evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon this conjecture; and certain tender manifestations, on the husband's leave-taking, confirmed us in our opinion. He went away; and she, left to herself, explored, as far as we could observe, all the rooms of the house. Every thing was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little bookcase contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined. Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries made, and the survey recommended. The lady had now some one to encourage her open expressions of delight. We could almost fancy that we heard her words—'How beautiful this is! What a comfortable sofa! What a charming screen! How kind, how good, how considerate of —!' It was altogether a pretty scene. Let us pass over the autumn and winter months. During a portion of this time, we ourselves were absent in the country; and, when at home, we remember but little of what happened. There was little or no variety to remark upon; or, possibly, our curiosity had become abated. At last, spring came, and with it came a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The plane put forth its tender leaves; the sky grew blue over-head (even in London); and the windows of the once melancholy house shone blushing with many flowers. So May passed; and June came on, with its air all rich with roses. But the lady? Ah! her cheek now waxed pale, and her step grew weak and faltering. Sometimes she ventured into her small garden (when the sun was full upon it): at other times, she might be seen, wearied with

needle-work, or sitting languidly alone; or, when her husband was at home (before and after his hours of business), she walked a little, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with her infirmity. It was curious to observe how love had tamed the high and frolicksome spirit of the man. A joyous and, perhaps, common manner became serious and refined. The weight of thought lay on him—the responsibility of love. It is thus that, in some natures, love is wanting to their full development. It raises, and refines, and magnifies the intellect, which else would remain trivial and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the human mind springs at once into fertility—from vagueness into character—from dulness into vigour and beauty, under the 'charming-wand' of love. But, let us proceed:—On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion. By degrees the tumult subsided; the passings backwards and forwards became less frequent; and at last tranquillity was restored. A single light, burning in an upper window, alone told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we were told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady had brought her husband a child. We drank to its health in wine. For a few days, quiet hung upon the house. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hurry and alarm came again. Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came,—and departed. The maid now held her apron to her eyes. The husband, burying his face in his hands, strove (how vainly) to hide a world of grief. Ere long, the bed-room window was thrown open—the shutters of the house were closed; and in a week, a hearse was at the door. The mystery was clear—she was dead!—She died! No poet ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the common mould. Her name even is unknown. But what of this? She lived, and died, and was lamented. The proudest can boast of little more. She made the light and happiness of one mortal creature, fond and fragile as herself. And for a name—a tomb—alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth—noting but to know the spot where the beloved one rests for ever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we have hoarded in our hearts, to the deep and ever-shifting waters—to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know where it is that we have laid our fading treasure. Otherwise, the pilgrimage is as easy (and as painful) to the simple churchyard hillock, as to the vault in which a king reposes. The gloomy arches of stately tombs—what are they to the grandeur of the overhanging heavens? and the cold and ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is, in comparison with the turf whereon many a daisy grows! The child survived. The cares lately exhausted on another were now concentrated on a little child. The solemn doctors came, and prescribed for it, and took their golden fees. The nurse transferred to it her ready smiles. The services which the mother purchased were now the property of another claimant. Even the father turned towards it all of his heart which was not in the grave. It was part of her who had strewn sunshine in his path; and he valued it accordingly. But all would not do. A month,—'a little month,'—and the shutters were again closed. Another funeral followed swiftly upon the last. The mother and her

child were again together. From this period, a marked change arose in the man's character. The grief which had bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved a little by the care which he bestowed upon her child), now changed to a sullen or reckless indifference. In the morning he was clouded and oppressed; but at night a mad and dissonant jollity (the madness of wine) usurped the place of his early sorrow. His orgies were often carried into the morning. Sometimes he drank with wild companions; sometimes he was seen alone, staggering towards the window, stupid and bloated, ere the last light of the autumn sunset concealed him from our sight. There were steadier intervals, indeed, when reflection would come upon him,—perhaps remorse; when he would gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look upon the few withered flowers that had once flourished in his gay window. What was he then thinking of?—Of vanished hopes and happy hours? Of her? her patience, her gentleness, her deep untiring love? Why did he not summon up more cheerful visions? Where was his old vivacity, his young and manly spirit? The world offered the same allurements as before, with the exception only of one single joy. Ah! but that was all. That was the one hope, the one thought, that had grown vast and absorbed all others. That was the mirror which had reflected happiness a thousand ways. Under that influence, the present—the past—the bright to-come—all had seemed to cast back upon him the picture of innumerable blessings. He had trod 'even in dreams upon a sunny shore.' And now — ! But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell, from step to step. Sickness was on his body; despair was in his mind. He shrank and wasted away, 'old before his time'; and might have subsided into a paralysed cripple or a moody idiot had not death (for once a friend) come suddenly to him, and rescued him from further misery. He died, as his wife and child had died before him. The same signs were there—the unnatural quiet—the closed shutters—and the funeral train. But all, in their time, disappeared. And in a few weeks, workmen came thronging again to the empty house—the rooms were again scoured—the walls beautified. The same board, which two years before had been nailed to the wall, with the significant words, 'To Let' upon it, was again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the old time had returned again; and that the interval was nothing but a dream. And is this all?—Yes; this is all. I wish that I could have crowned my little tale with a brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish even that I could have it more heroic, or have developed some grand moral for your use. As it is, it contains little beyond the common threadbare story of human life—first hope, and then enjoyment, and then sorrow, all ending quietly in the grave. It is an ancient tale. The vein runs through man's many histories. Some of them may present seeming varieties—a life without hope or joy—or a career beginning gaily, and running merrily to its close. But this is because we do not read the inner secrets of the soul—the thousand thousand small pulsations, which yield pain or pleasure to the human mind. Be assured, that there is no more an equality in the heart than in the ever-moving ocean. You will ask me to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate your passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair? Some wise friend will tell you

that you may learn never to lean too much on others; for that thereby you lose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman—to rest your happiness on the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the east wind may blow into the dust, is any thing but the act of a wise man. And to grieve for her when dead—sigh for what is irrecoverable! What can be more useless? All this can be proved by every rule of logic. For my part, I can derive nothing for you from my story, except, perhaps, that it may teach you, like every tale of human suffering, to sympathise with your kind. And this, methinks, is better, and possibly quite as necessary, as any high-wrought or stern example, which shuts the heart up, instead of persuading it to expand; which teaches prudence instead of love; and reduces the aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid mark, which all are able, and most of us too well contented, to reach. We should not commit ourselves to the fields, and inhale the fresh breath of the spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers. We should not read the sadness of domestic history, merely to extract some prudent lesson for ourselves. We should open our hearts beneath these great influences, and endeavour to learn that we possess the right, the power, nay, the wish (though it may sleep) of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of. So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it. And I hope that you will not entirely contemn this, until you have given it the consideration of a friend. It is this:—"Let but the heart be opened, and a thousand virtues will rush in."

*Changes produced on the Nervous System by Civilisation considered, according to the Evidence of Physiology and the Philosophy of History.* By Robert Verity, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 79. London, Highley.

"THE highest physiological authorities of modern times agree in maintaining that the general nervous system is an absolutely necessary condition for the manifestation of the many kinds of activity, animal, moral, and intellectual, which take place in the human subject; and it has been regarded, with great truth, as a characteristic feature of these later times, that the superior functions of this system have been universally expressed with a plenitude, extension, and energy hitherto unrecorded in the history of man." So says Dr. Verity, in what we can only regard as an essay upon the subject proposed; written in the style of the transcendental school of Germany, but every where furnishing evidence of a mind well stored with knowledge and pregnant with high philosophical feeling. The laws of the separate and distinct functional operation of the nervous system, first exposed by Dr. Gall, and developed by Sir C. Bell, Magendie, and Flourens, have lately received a further accession from the labours of Dr. M. Hall and Mr. Grainger; and the progress of the development, as entailing size and activity, or, as expressed by the author, "plenitude, extension, and energy," from the savage to the civilised condition, has been well shewn by the various comparisons instituted between the cerebral systems of the ancient Peruvians and Egyptians, and those of more modern races of people; but the pleasures that accrue to individuals, and hence the general advantages that result to society at large, and to civilisation, from the tempered use of all the faculties, intellectual, moral, or organic, with which the Maker has endowed man, and

the evils, on the contrary, that result from the misuse, abuse, or infringement of the same laws, have never been put forth with such simplicity of eloquence and force of feeling as in the "Constitution of Man," by Geo. Combe. Our author travels from the great nations of antiquity to the period of the northern migrations; and from the times of a pure feudalism, through crusades and chivalry, to the modern influences of a benign and intellectual Christianity, in a style which fits the magnitude of the subject, and marches onwards with a vigorous and a stately step. The representatives of the high civilisation of modern times cannot be viewed to more advantage, when labouring under functional disorder, than when considered in relation to the modified type of temperament produced by the increased proportion of the nervous element in their organisation; and such considerations and studies cannot but always add to the philosophy of the principles upon which medical science rears its superstructure.

#### MISCELLANEOUS. *Phantasmion.* Pp. 387. London, 1837. Pickering.

THIS is a genuine fairy tale, of the Undine kind, and, consequently, German in form and texture. Not only black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, but spirits of flowers, spirits of the earth, spirits of the insect tribes, water-witches or demons, and, in short, all sorts of imaginary beings, figure on the scene, and take principal shares in the adventures and incidents. If there be any allegorical meaning or moral inference, we have not detected either; and can, therefore, merely speak of the wildness of the story and the beauty of some of its descriptions. Of a youthful sovereign it is said, that "his pleasures were so closely set, that they hindered one another's growth;" and this is the prettiest sentence we have found in the volume.

*Verba Consilia; or, Hints to Parents who intend to bring up their Sons to the Medical Profession.* By W. Hempton Denham, F.R.C.S. 12mo. pp. 101. London, Churchill.

THIS little book, professing to be hints to parents, is, for the most part, of a polemical nature. That amelioration is requisite, by the lapse of time, in all human institutions, is now a historical fact; but, as to how far changes are to be carried, will always be the point upon which individuals will split, and thus, in professions as in politics, there will always be a movement and a conservative party. The author, for example, considers it as a national calamity, that a man should be allowed to embark in the medical profession without being endowed with superior powers of mind, which, it would strike many persons of ordinary powers, might frequently be a matter of dispute; and he further thinks that every country and town practitioner of eminence (and who, in his own small coterie, is not?) should be able to qualify his own pupils for practice. The results of such a proceeding, we think, it would not require a superior mind to foresee. The best and most practical part of the book is taken, acknowledgely, from the "Laneet," and the grammar of the original is not always correct; for example, in the Dedication, he says: "Professing a mind acutely sensitive upon every topic which involves, in its consequences, the respectability and usefulness of the medical character, you have often deeply deplored the existence of the defective method of educating him." Him is here the character. There is,

in the following sentence, some comfort for the professional man. It is in allusion to the requisites of a lecturer who describes deviations in structure:—"To be able to depict with the elegance and expression of a Lawrence or a Reynolds, or to attempt the bold sublimity of a Rembrandt, is not necessary, nor to be expected (although the talent which enabled these artists to give, as it were, life and animation to canvass, is almost to be adored); but that humbler, though equally useful power, by which we are able to give visibility to the airy forms of thought, is a great acquisition to the physician." What a pity that he who penned the above is not an honoured and famed professor!

*The Parliamentary Pocket Companion, for 1838, including a Compendious Peerage, &c. &c. &c.* London, Whittaker.

A MOST useful, seemingly a very correct guide, not only to the legislature, with notes of their residences, connexions, opinions, &c. but containing other necessary information respecting parliament and parliamentary matters. It appears, from the members marked as new in the House of Commons' list, that there are a hundred and thirty of the six hundred and fifty-eight who were not in the last parliament; a very considerable change in the constituency at this important period.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 27. Mr. Hamilton, president, in the chair.—Read, extracts from various papers: 1st. From Captain Alexander, giving the details of his recent journey in South Africa, across the Orange River, thence to the northward, beyond the tropic, and as far as Walvisch Bay; where he and his party arrived, almost starved, on the 19th of April. Thence he travelled 300 miles to the eastward; and, not being able to get a guide to proceed further to the northward, he returned to the Orange River, and reached Cape Town on the 21st of September, just one year and ten days since his departure, during which he had travelled 4000 miles. On the same day, the expedition to Australia, which left England in August last, arrived at the Cape; and, by the last account (Oct. 1), Lieutenant Grey and Lushington had freighted a small schooner, to proceed direct to their destination. 2d. From Professor Chaix, at Geneva, stating that, in the course of some inquiries, instituted by order of his government, he has found the study of geography and statistics becoming very general; and steps were taking to make the geography of that beautiful land of lakes and mountains familiar to the Swiss people. He further mentions, that Colonel Dufour's large map of the country was fast advancing; as, also, an orography, or description and height of mountains for 25 leagues around Geneva. 3d. The latest intelligence from Captain Burnes, dated Bombay, September 9th, mentioning his arrival at Attok. He had made a slight détour as far as Bahwulpur, on the River Sutlej; and thence had continued the examination of the Indus as far as Attok, on his road to Cibul. The chief interest of this evening's meeting was the presentation of the gold medal of the Geographical Society at Paris to Captain Back, liberally awarded to him by that body, for his former journey to the shores of the Arctic Ocean: and we were gratified to notice that there was a very numerous attendance of his brother officers and friends.

The President, on presenting the medal, said: Captain Back, I have the pleasure to

acquaint you, in the presence of your numerous friends before us, that the Geographical Society of Paris, in testimony of their high appreciation of the service which you have rendered to the cause of discovery, in the course of your expedition to the Arctic Regions in 1832-34, have awarded you their gold medal for the year 1834; and as this, their determination, took place during your absence from England, in the prosecution of your late expedition towards Wager Inlet, the letter announcing it to you, and the medal itself, have been consigned to the Royal Geographical Society of London. I need not enlarge on the gratification which I feel in being the organ of our sister society on this occasion. The details and result of your expedition to the Arctic regions of the American continent, in search of Sir John Ross and his companions, have been long before the world; and we remember the delight with which we hailed your return, after having verified the extent and configuration of the Great Slave Lake, and the succession of lakes, and course of the river connecting them with the coast where you ascertained the great probability that the northern coast of America takes a angle considerably to the south of the supposed peninsula of Boothia Felix. Since this expedition, which added much to our geographical knowledge, you have been appointed to the command of H. M. S. Terror, on another voyage of discovery, the result of which, it was hoped, would have demonstrated to us, besides various other points of high interest, the water connexion or separation by land, between Prince Regent's Inlet and Point Turnagain. But you and your dauntless companions have been baffled by the adverse power of the elements, and, after contending against them during a whole of a most severe winter, which may be said to have lasted, at least, three quarters of the year, the utmost you have been able to accomplish (not to allude to the meteorological and other scientific data which you have acquired, and the correction of the line of Southampton Island, of which we have heard thieving) has been to bring home your party in safety. But, as some of the most illustrious generals who adorn the pages of history have exalted, instead of tarnishing, their fame by a masterly retreat, so have you not only acquired additional glory by the victory you gained over the physical difficulties which surrounded you, and opened new proofs of what a skill and hardihood of a British sailor can achieve, but you have enlarged the sphere of supposed physical endurance and capability of man; and I understand that your braver navigators, who have preceded you, deem that the sufferings which you and your crew underwent, were beyond all which they had ever witnessed or conceived. You have thus sealed another triumph of order, discipline, and obedience, when under the guidance of skill and experience; and, as in naval story it is recorded that the wreck of a large ship has, ere now, proved the safety of the rest of the fleet, so we may be confident that your experience, your sufferings, your fail, may prove the auspicious beacon to point the way to future discoveries in the yet unknown and unsubdued regions of the globe. By one word more. This is the third time that the Geographical Society of Paris has awarded their gold medal to an Englishman. Burnes, Ross, and yourself, have reaped it within the last few years: a circumstance no less honourable to the liberal feelings of the one nation, than to the deeds and success of the other.

Captain Back, in reply, said: I find a difficulty, sir, in adequately expressing my feelings on the reception of so valuable a tribute of foreign approbation; for, though our chief desire must be to deserve the esteem of our own countrymen, yet the testimony of a corresponding sentiment from so distinguished a body as the Geographical Society of Paris, will ever be among the proudest recollections of my life. Such a reward will serve to stimulate candidates for discovery—many of whom I trust are now present—to prosecute, with zeal and energy, the path they have chosen, confident that their care and toils will be appreciated, not only in their own country, but also by scientific societies and individuals both in France and throughout Europe at large. To you, sir, personally, for the gratifying manner in which you have communicated to me the flattering and liberal award of the Geographical Society of Paris, allow me to offer my sincere thanks.

With reference to my late voyage, I have little to add, except that from our entrance into the ice to the moment of quitting it, was one continued struggle against enormous floes and heavy masses. The ship was at its mercy, and was frequently thrown into the most perilous situations; but when some convulsion occurred which was invariably preceded by a furious subaqueous rushing that produced a loud rolling noise, in an instant ponderous pieces were upheaved forty feet high, and, at the same time, icy waves, a third of a mile in extent, rolled quickly forward, overturning and throwing up slabs and fragments of tons weight, and yet there was little or no water to be seen. These shocks strained the frame of the ship dreadfully; she shook and trembled so violently that people fell down on the deck, the timbers cracked, and beams, eighteen inches square, were bent; until the extreme pressure forced the fore part of the keel on the surface, so that one might have crept beneath it, while the stern was half buried between two ridges of ice. It was then that the moving waves, high above one quarter, seemed on the point of overwhelming us; a few feet more and we must have been crushed to atoms; they even touched the stern, when, as if arrested by the invisible hand of Providence, the whole turmoil suddenly ceased, and a deathlike stillness prevailed.

A few words with respect to currents. By former observation, a current had been found setting from west to east, through Behring's Straits, along the coast of America to the entrance of Back's River; and Sir E. Parry had described one as running through Fury and Hecla Straits. On my late voyage the same result was manifested along the north-eastern shore of Southampton Island, by which means the Terror, when fixed in the ice, was carried upwards of one hundred and forty miles past the opening of Fox's Channel and Hudson's Bay, fairly into Hudson's Strait; and had she not been liberated from her icy shackles, there can be no doubt but that she would have continued to drift into the Atlantic. The evidence for the direction of the current may, therefore, be considered as conclusive, and fully bears out what had been long ago stated by Sir John Barrow, the ablest advocate of Arctic discovery. The obstacles opposed to the late expedition do not affect the probability of success in any future attempt, as they are solely attributable to a most severe and unparalleled season, one so different from all preceding it, that the largest ship of the Hudson's Bay Company was so hampered by ice at her anchorage, as to be unable to land her cargo, and was compelled to

return to England with it, being the first circumstance of the kind that had happened for nearly a century. A smaller vessel was crushed and destroyed altogether by the ice. In following up this service, I am of opinion, that the course to be taken should be to the south, and not to the north of Southampton Island; for experience shews, that on the latter the ship is exposed to the drift, from the north and west, of ice three hundred miles in extent; and, if the season prove unfavourable, is deprived of a place for shelter, or, in the event of accident, is thrown on a desolate coast. On the contrary, by taking the former route, the island acts as a barrier to keep off the ice, leaving nothing to contend with but the comparatively small quantity usually found in the Welcome, while both harbours and provisions would, in most cases, be met with along the indented outline of the main land. Other difficulties, arising from locality, might be surmounted, by having a tolerably fast-sailing vessel. The reasons, therefore, for the practicability of prosecuting the survey of what remains to be done to complete our knowledge of the American coast, remain unaltered; and I sincerely hope, that this Society, from which the proposals for executing the two last expeditions emanated, will continue to exert itself for the same purpose, until the end be accomplished.

Sir John Barrow observed, that he had been referred to by the gallant officer as having advocated the existence of a current from the west, setting through various channels, to the eastward, and even to the Atlantic: he had done so; and it was now full twenty years since he first mentioned it. Sir E. Parry had passed through what was called Lancaster Sound, and through the strait as far as Melville Island, where he ascertained the set of a current from the westward. The same distinguished officer, on another occasion, had also experienced so strong a current in Fury and Hecla Strait, as actually to be stopped by it; while Franklin, Ross, Beechey, and Richardson, had each borne ample testimony to the same flow of current along the sinuosities and shores of the American continent, from Behring's Strait to Point Turnagain. Lastly, driftwood, known to be the production of the banks of large rivers to the westward, was found two hundred miles east of Point Turnagain, not far from Regent's Inlet; and now, Captain Back had informed them that the same current had, in his late perilous situation, driven the Terror almost into the Atlantic. He must say, that such evidence appeared to him to decide the question, and thereby fully to justify the previous opinions given on the subject. On contemplating the obstacles which opposed themselves to the late enterprise, and the unprecedented trials to which the crew had been exposed, there was great reason for thankfulness that the ship was enabled to effect her return; and it was also highly creditable to all on board, since discipline and obedience alone could have ensured such a happy result. And it must be gratifying to Captain Back, his officers, and his crew, to know that their exertions were fully appreciated where they most desired that they should be well received. The north-west passage, continued Sir John Barrow, has ever been, to me, a subject of deep interest. I have exerted myself, on all occasions, to further its accomplishment; and I do most sincerely hope that, after so much has been done by this country—after having passed the threshold—we shall not suffer any other nation to snatch away the wreath to which British enterprise is so justly entitled.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

**Nov. 29.** Anniversary meeting. Mr. Gray in the chair.—The secretary read the report of the council, from which it appeared that the number of members was 60, and the number of specimens in the herbarium was 4819, including ferns; and 767 species. There remained 3506 duplicates for distribution among the members. Specimens of the following new plants have been sent to the Society:—*Cinclidium stygium*, a new moss, found by Mr. R. Leyland, in Halifax; specimens of *Claytonia alsinoides*, found wild, near Chatsworth, by Mr. Baxter, of Oxford; and a large number of specimens of *Spartina alternifolia*, found by Dr. Macrae, at Itchen Ferry, Southampton. A ballot then took place for the officers for the year 1838, and Mr. Gray was re-elected president, and he appointed Dr. Macrae and Mr. Johnson, vice-presidents. A splendid drawing of the *Victoria Regina*, recently discovered by Mr. Schomburgk, in British Guiana, was on the table, and excited much interest. The meeting was very numerously attended, comprising many ladies, members of the Society.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

**OXFORD,** November 23d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts.*—D. R. Godfrey, Michel Scholar of Queen's College; H. Cooper, Worcester College; Rev. R. P. Allen, Magdalen Hall; Rev. T. Jackson, St. Mary Hall; J. G. Seymour, Alban Hall.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—E. W. Morris, New Inn Hall; G. Atty, Lincoln College; R. G. Craufurd, Magdalen Hall; Hon. W. Howard, Christ Church; E. J. Hensley, Fellow, W. R. Wardale, M. Harrison, Scholars of Corpus Christi College; F. M. Knolls, Denys of Magdalen College; H. Highton, Exhibitioner of Queen's College; W. D. Furneaux, Scholar, W. D. Poore, T. D. Bernard, E. T. Williams, Exeter College; H. Formby, Scholar, C. K. Grinstead, R. Town, Brasenose College; W. Lonsdale, Oriel College; S. G. Dudley, Jesus College.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

**THURSDAY** being the anniversary, the usual medals were awarded: viz. the royal medal to the Rev. William Whewell, for his various papers on the tides; the Copley medals to M. Becquerel, for his papers on electricity; and to John Frederick Daniell, Esq., for his papers on voltaic combinations. His royal highness the Duke of Sussex was absent, in consequence of the injury done to the cap of his knee by his recent fall in the house of lords. The royal duke was re-elected president. Francis Baily, Esq., the Earl of Burlington, John George Children, Esq., Davies Gilbert, Esq., the Marquess of Northampton, and Stephen Peter Ri-gaud, Esq., were elected vice-presidents; and Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq., was appointed one of the secretaries, vice Mr. Children.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

**THURSDAY,** Nov. 23. Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.—Mr. Dufour exhibited two short swords, or daggers, recently found in the margin of the Thames; their age is of the fifteenth, or early in the sixteenth century. Mr. Pettigrew communicated an account, with various drawings, of a mummy brought from Egypt by the late John Gossett, Esq., and presented by his father, Isaac Gossett, Esq. to the museum of the island of Jersey. It was exhumed at Thebes in May 1835. The hieroglyphics on the cases, or coffins, described the enclosed body as a female and a princess, but her name was carefully obliterated: the age was in the time of the Pharaohs, about 1430 years before Christ. Part of the communication being read, the remainder was postponed until the next meeting.

Thursday, Nov. 30. The Earl of Aberdeen

in the chair.—The remainder of Mr. Pettigrew's paper was read. Round the head of the mummy was a wreath of acacia and bay-leaves, mixed with lotus flowers. After removing several layers of bandages, he came to a coat of asphaltum, which had to be cut through; and, among the bandages, between the asphaltum and the body, were several necklaces, emblems, deities, &c. The embalment appeared to have been performed in the highest and most expensive mode, and exhibited some varieties in the proceeding which Mr. Pettigrew had not before met with. The brain was not abstracted in the usual way, through the nostrils, but by a passage cut up the interior of the neck, driving the root of the tongue and its bones on one side, and making one cheek larger than the other. The intestines were divided into four portions, as he had always found them, though differently placed in different subjects, and, sometimes, not within the wrappings at all, but deposited in four canopic vases, bearing the four deities of the Amunet. But an extraordinary circumstance was, that the body was not that of a female, nor of the era designated on the cases, but of a priest, and, probably, of the age of the Ptolemies. It was known that the priests made a traffic of the tombs and sepulchral tablets; and, when a family died off, so that the fees to the priests ceased, they obliterated the name, and disposed of the sepulchre to others. In the present instance, it is evident they had removed the body from its coffin, and, having struck out the name, applied them to another.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Phenological, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institute of British Architects, 8 P.M.

*Tuesday.*—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Architectural Society, 8 P.M.

*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.

*Thursday.*—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.; Islington Literary, and three succeeding Thursdays, 14th, 21st, and 28th (Mr. R. Addams on Acoustics).

*Friday.*—Astronomical, 8 P.M.

*Saturday.*—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.

FINE ARTS.  
PAINTING ON GLASS.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, we have lately seen a superb specimen in this department of art,—the intended window for St. Mary's College, Oscot, near Birmingham; designed and executed by Mr. W. Warrington. The subject is the "Assumption of the Virgin," surrounded by the Apostles, Saints, and Martyrs of the Church. The name of the artist has hitherto been unknown to us; but, if we may judge from the present sample of his talents, he will not long remain a stranger to the public, and especially to the connoisseurs in this class of ornamental and decorative painting. Unless we are much mistaken, it will be acknowledged,—with reference to particular colours, which have been thought unattainable in modern art,—that Mr. Warrington produces not only the brilliant ruby and crimson of the old paintings on glass, but also tints of a compound and neutral character, unrivalled of their kind. The style of the painting, as well as its character and costume, resembles that of the most splendid of the ancient mosaics; the works of Hemmelink, Albert Durer, Van Eck, and others of the school considered the most appropriate to Gothic architecture. This gem-like assemblage of colours is arranged with so much skill and taste as to produce to the eye an effect satisfactory and complete. It must be

highly gratifying to Mr. Pugin, the architect of the chapel, and to Mr. Warrington, whose performance we have just noticed, to have been instrumental, by their combined talents, in the production of so fine a religious edifice.

We understand that the gentleman to whom we were indebted for a sight of this beautiful specimen of glass-painting, is preparing an extensive treatise on the subject; and we do not doubt, that his knowledge as an antiquary, and the diligence of his researches, will render it a very valuable publication; and that this branch of the fine arts, as applied to the mansions of our nobility, as well as to cathedrals, churches, and other sacred buildings, will, ere long, vie with any other, and come in for its fair share of public encouragement.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Beautiful Gate of the Temple*; engraved by Freebairn, with Bates's Anaglyptograph. Hodgson and Co.

THIS is the first of a set of the cartoons which is about to be published, and it is, of its class of art, by far the most beautiful work that has yet been produced: the tone of the print is more silvery, and brilliant, and delicate, than any similar production that we have yet seen; for, besides that its proportions are accurately traced by the perfect and beautiful machine of Mr. Bates, the tone in which it is etched, and the artist-like beauty of the work thus produced by Mr. Freebairn, place it far above any specimen yet produced by our Continental neighbours. Instead of the bronzed, black, spotty appearance of the "Canterbury Pilgrims," produced by the French, with misbegotten and distorted heads and other projecting parts, in this print all is in place, all is beautiful. We say, let them beat it if they can; for, besides the defect of their machinery which we have so clearly shewn, the art of superintendence in which they at first excelled, is, by this specimen, far surpassed. We scarcely thought it worth our while to advert again to the bare-faced claims to accuracy, in spite of our exposure, set forth by the French party in the trumpery mis-statements at the end of the "Authors of England," which we lately noticed; and in which not one piece of the ruling is "mathematically true." Why, we ask, was the legend and margin of the Henry IV. left out? and why were the eyes (engraved too large), the mouth, and the beard, in great part, put in cross lines with the graver? In the last Numismatic Journal, the Soane and coronation medals were declared, by the same authority, to be "mathematically correct," when, as far from being so, the head on the medal by Piatrucci, was so lop-sided and distorted, that the eyelid was lost in the brow. Every numismatist who could compare the engraving with the medal, would instantly see the monstrosity of the head, and laugh at the monstrosity of the assertion. The party may be assured, that if they cannot prove their superiority by their works, we are not stupid enough to close our eyes, and believe their assertions. We would rather avoid, unless provoked to it, alluding to them again. Let each, the French and the English, the wrong and the right, as we believe, take their stand upon the merits of their productions: it must come to this: but we will not be silent when we see error foisted upon us for truth: let them, we say again, beat this cartoon of the Beautiful Gate if they can. We shall be glad to see such excellence from any quarter; if we rejoice that it is from the ingenuity and skill of our countryman, 'tis an honest subject for self-congratulation as Englishmen.

*Kay's Works, chiefly Edinburgh Portraits.*  
Parts 2 and 3. Paton, Edinburgh; Smith,  
Elder, and Co. London.

Above thirty more of the distinguished and odd personages who were resident in the northern capital in the "days of lang syne." They are to the full as characteristic as their predecessors.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY. THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SHE laughs and runs, a cherub thing;  
And proud is the doting sire  
To see her pluck the buds of spring,  
Or play by the winter fire.  
Her golden hair falls thick and fair,  
In many a wavy curl;  
And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek  
Of the infant English girl.  
  
The years steal on, and, day by day,  
Her native charms expand ; [ray,  
Till her round face beams in the summer  
Like the rose of her own blest land.  
There's music in her laughing tone,  
A darker shade on the curl,  
And Beauty makes her chosen throne  
On the brow of the English girl.  
  
She is standing now, a happy bride,  
At the holy altar rail,  
While the sacred blush of maiden pride  
Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.  
Her eye of light is the diamond bright,  
Her innocence the pearl ;  
And these are ever the bridal gems  
That are worn by the English girl.

ELIZA COOK.

#### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—In the *Daughter of the Danube*, the performance of Wieland is so perfectly impish, that it is alone enough to recommend a drama; but the dances are also very fanciful, appropriate, and pleasing. On Thursday, *Joan of Arc* was produced as an opera, the music by Bulfe. At so late an hour, and with so long a piece, all we have time to observe is, that if it were obliged to be shortened, as our notice is, it would be the more entitled to praise and favour.

*Covent Garden.*—On Tuesday evening, the play of *Riches, or the Wife and Brother*, and most judiciously reduced from five to three acts, and adapted from Massinger's *City Madam*, was produced here, and with great effect. The principal character, *Luke*, has always been a greater favourite with us than *Sir Giles Overreach*; for it has more nature and less extravagance, and yet equal force as a dramatic character. To say that Macready embodies it perfectly to our high conception of its capabilities, is all that we need say: we never saw a more striking personation. *Lady Traffic* was sustained by Miss Taylor in a very spirited manner; but we are not sure that her reading of the part is correct. *Lady Traffic* is a proud and stately city dame, and of a certain age. There is no flounce or fussiness about her; but *hauteur* and insolence. Now, though Miss Taylor acted several scenes admirably, and justly obtained great applause, she did not represent the character as, in our opinion, it was drawn by the author. Bartley, in *Sir Maurice Lacey*, is perfect. His good-nature is redundant of the heart; and every word he uttered took its effect upon the house. Miss P. Horton, E. Phillips, and Mrs. Garrick, did all that could be done for their slight parts—and the same compliment may be paid to Messrs. Vin-

ing, Anderson, and Meadows. Diddear was a capital *Sir John Traffic*; and the whole was performed with vigilant attention to every point, even the most minute, in scenery and action.

A new grand historical and legendary drama, called *Joan of Arc*, followed, and was, indeed, in every respect what such a spectacle can be made. The story is full of interest; and the heroine of Orleans, witch and saviour of her country, with appliances natural and supernatural, is performed with great power by Miss Huddart. Of the other parts, the chief novelties are Anderson, as *Sir Lionel*, done with very fine feeling; Meadows, who looked admirably, and played no less so, as a wizard; Mr. Serly and Mr. Pritchard, as the *King of France* and the bastard *Dunois*. But the grand attraction is in the scenery—the most beautiful and splendid that can be imagined. Some new effects of light, and dresses the most gorgeous, added to the illusion; and at the fall of the curtain the waving of handkerchiefs and shouts of cheering testified to the delight of the audience.

*Opera Buffa.*—On Thursday, Rossini's opera, *L'Inganno Felice*, was the first performance here; and we think not very deserving of revival, as the music is but meagre, with the exception of an excellent trio, and as good a quartet. Catone and Sanquirico were the props of the opera. *Il Campanello*, a farce of Donizetti's, and played for the first time in this country, made ample amends for any languor in its precursor. It is full of spirit and mirth, and just what an opera buffa should be. The music is very sweet, and, as well as the acting, was admirable. F. Lablache far excelled any thing he had formerly done. Sanquirico was also very clever. Madame Francheschini acquitted herself entirely to the satisfaction of the audience; and Madame Bellini sang her slight part very agreeably. The house was very full (including her majesty, who seemed to enjoy both the stage and before the curtain very much, during frequent peeps at the latter), and continued laughter rewarded the comic efforts in *Il Campanello*.

At the *St. James's*, we have had a laughable burletta, and a domestic drama. *Angeline*, the latter, a feminine *Monsieur Jacques*, very sweetly played by Mrs. Stirling, on whom, indeed, the whole interest of this piece rests, has been quite successful. A touching story of early bereavement, and consequent sadness in after life,—an unexpected and unheeded-for return, comprehend the slight plot. In the first scenes, the depression caused by calamity, mixed with the natural vivacity of the Frenchwoman, were faithfully portrayed by Mrs. Stirling,—and in the last, the overwhelming joy, upon recognising the lost lover, was also very faithfully given. Gardner has a slight facetious part, which he plays well. We must not forget a devilish sort of character, in the shape of a sexton, acted admirably by Mr. Hollingsworth. The burletta of the *Niinese Twins*, new at this house, is a most laughable affair. Wright and Hall are very funny in it.

#### SIGHTS OF LONDON.

*Gallery of the Society for the Illustration and Encouragement of Practical Science.*—On Saturday, the *Adelaide Gallery* was re-opened under new auspices, and with considerable alterations; a floor having been added by sinking to a lower story, and making the quondam sides of the original ground-floor into a gallery. The only inconvenience we perceived was from an increase of heat, in consequence of descending

towards the stories in the lower regions; but the general aspect and conveniences of the gallery are greatly improved. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, with his duchess and son, Prince George, were among the visitors on this occasion; and the place was crowded till the shades of evening rendered exploration vain. We have always spoken highly of this resort for the acquisition of useful information; and several novel features seem to give it still stronger claims to our approbation. The illustrations of chemical and mechanical sciences are excellent, as before, especially in electricity and magnetism, with a fine and powerful apparatus; but there has been added other means of instruction, of which we think the value may, in some measure, be summarised from the following catalogue extracts:—

"The process of manufacturing Ornaments and Artificial Fruit and Flowers in Alabaster and Wax, is carried on during the day, and explained to visitors by Signor Carotti; the process of Lithographic Printing is carried on during the day, and explained to visitors by Mr. Baker; the manufacture of Glass Toys, by means of a table blow-pipe, is carried on during the day, and explained to visitors by Mr. Miles; a Jacquard Loom, in which the process of figured silk-weaving is carried on during the day, and is explained to visitors by Mr. Catherall; Weaver; a Twenty-shuttle Riband Loom."

A series of glass-cases, as follow:

"The glass-cases on the western-end railing contain, I. Specimens of Dried Leaves, intended to illustrate the technical terms used in Botany; 2, 3, Specimens of the principal Plants, British or Foreign, either used for Food, Medicine, or in the Arts; 4, 6, Continuation of the Botanical Specimens; 7, 8, Collection of Minerals, illustrating the Geology of Saxony, formerly in the possession of Werner, and labelled by one of his pupils; 9, Collection of Minerals from parts of the United States; a few Minerals from the neighbourhood of Niagara; 10, Miscellaneous Geological and Mineralogical Specimens; 11, Specimens of Marbles, from the Secondary Limestones, British and Foreign; 12, Specimens of Slags, specimens of Topazes, Garnets, &c. from S. America, specimens of Agates, Jaspers, &c. cut and polished; 13, 14, Specimens of various Minerals, interesting either in their physical properties or in some point of view. Geological Model of the Isle of Wight; Bottle, containing the Coloured Sands from Alum Bay; 15, Iron Ores; 16, Lead Ores; 17, Copper and Tin Ores; 18, Ores of other Metals; 19, Specimens of Lignites, Coals, &c. from various localities; 20, 21, Mineralogical and Geological Collections; 22, Series of Minerals from Vesuvius and the adjacent district; Specimens of Minerals from the neighbourhood of Vesuvius. Other glass-cases contain: 1-3, a select Collection of British Insects; 4-6, various Organic Specimens, Animal and Vegetable; 7, Specimens of Silicified and Mineralised Woods; Specimens of the Woods used in Cabinet-making; 8, Fossil Plants from the British Coal Fields; 9-12, Series of the British Strata of the Tertiary, Secondary, and Upper Primary Systems, illustrated by the characteristic and other fossils of each, and a specimen of each of the principal strata from different localities; 13, Ammonites; 14, Fossil Shells, from the British Seas, &c.; 14, 15, Collection of Fossil Shells, &c. from the Folkstone, Gault, and other formations; 16, Collection of Fossil Shells, &c. from the tertiary formations of North America; Cyathophyllum from Buxton, Westmoreland, United States; 17-19, Fossile Teeth, &c. of Elephants."

But still more useful, perhaps, are

"Optical Apparatus for illustrating some of the Phenomena of Polarized Light; Series, illustrating the Silk Manufacture, from the raw material to the finished fabric; Specimens of Weaving, considered the most perfect specimen of delicate silk-stocking weaving yet executed; Specimens of British Velvet and Embroidery; Series, illustrating the preparation of the Pine-Apple Fibre (*Bromeliaceae*), and of the fabrics proposed to be made from it; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Clocks, Watches, and Chronometers; consisting of the several parts in different stages, with references; Specimens of English and Foreign Types; Series, illustrating the making of Glass; Series, illustrating China Manufacture; Series, illustrating the making of Hats and other articles from Felt; Series, illustrating the Manufactures of Sheffield Cutlery, Files, and other Tools; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Needles, and Hooks and Eyes, from the rough wire to the finished article; Specimens of Door-knobs, Escutcheons, &c., manufactured from Buffalo Horns; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Cork; Series, illustrating the Tortoise-shell, from the Horns and Hoofs of the Cow; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Plated Ware, exemplified in a Candlestick, complete and in its several parts, with descriptions; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Powder-horns; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of British Plate, or German Silver; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Britannia Metal, exemplified in a Teapot, complete and in its several parts, with descriptions."

There are, besides, a series to show how

cotton, wool, and flax, are wrought into the manufactured articles; than the whole of which (except visiting the great manufactories themselves) nothing can be more usefully instructive. Hence it is that Britain has her strength, wealth, and glory; and it is well that her sons and daughters should study, and make themselves acquainted with their origin. Models of steam-engines, too, with their improvements, enrich the exhibition; and, in these matters, we have only to express our hope that the society will go on to increase and perfect their representative system.

## VARIETIES.

*The Philidorian.*—No I. (Walker and Son) of a new magazine of domestic games and amusements, begins in a lively manner, and promises well. Here we have something of chess; Polish draughts; whist (with its combinations, amounting to 635,013,559,600, on the thirteen cards in four hands, and all the possible combinations of the 52 cards, to 16,250,563,659,176,029,962,568,164,794,000, 749,006,376,006,400—not fewer than forty-seven figures !!); English draughts; ecarts (the description of which is ill and indistinctly written); and review notices. We like the plan, and hope it will succeed.

*Mr. J. O. Robinson,* the publisher, and well known to literature and the fine arts as the partner of Mr. Hurst, and intimately connected with the Edinburgh house of Constable and Co., died on Tuesday morning, adding one more to the list of mortality in this class for 1837.

*Dr. Lloyd,* the provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who was president of the British Association, at their meeting in that city, 1835, and who contributed so much to their cordial and magnificent entertainment, died very suddenly, at Dublin, a few days ago. He was a most amiable man, and one of high endowments, not only as a scholar, but in general literature and science. His son, Professor Lloyd, is very eminent in the walks of science.

*Weather Wisdom.*—Last week quite erroneous: for the next, we are told, "The first quarter will bring high winds and rainy weather. Fog and small rain will prevail about the 6th and 7th. The 8th brings a change, and the air grows milder."

*The British Almanac, and its Companion* (Charles Knight) for the ensuing year, are quite equal to any that has gone before. There is ample information on all the usual matters for calendar reference; and the directions for geologists, mineralogists, botanists, &c. &c. are excellent. The epitome of new parliamentary and public intelligence is another valuable feature; and public records, public works, chronicles, and abstracts, fill up the "tutte of the whole" in a very useful manner. The operation of the poor law has a warm defendant in these pages; and there is a little political bias, which, however slight, is not to be commended in productions of this class. *The Working Man's Almanac* (same publisher) is a smaller volume, with much of similar character, and well adapted for the class to whom it is addressed.

*The Royal Guildhall Entertainment.*—A sketch of this spectacle, made under the sanction of the city authorities, by Mr. Deighton, is about to be engraved under the same auspices.

*The Fullerian Professorship of Physiology in the Royal Institution* (vacant by the retirement of Dr. Roget, whose period of professorship had expired), has, we are informed, been filled up by the nomination of Dr. Robert E. Grant, of University College.

*The Ethereal Oil of Wine.*—It is well known that a mixture of the various constituent principles of wine, such as water, alcohol, tannin, tartar, &c., has scarcely any smell; and that, nevertheless, all wines are known by a characteristic odour, more or less developed according to their quality. This odour proceeds from a particular ethereal substance, which resembles an essential oil, and which ought to be distinguished from the aroma, a non-volatile fugacious principle, which does not exist in all wines. When a large quantity of wine is distilled, there is obtained, towards the end of the operation, an oily matter, which is also found in the lees. This ethereal oil forms about a forty thousandth part of the wine. It has a strong savour, and is colourless, at least unless it be combined with a small portion of oxide of copper, which communicates to it a green tint, that may be removed by means of the hydrosulphuric acid. As it is mixed with a free acid, it is purified by frequently agitating it with a hot solution of carbonate of soda, which dissolves the acid, and which does not act on the ether. If the milky mixture which results be boiled, the ether will swim upon the surface, and may easily be separated.

*Ceylon.*—The *Ceylon Chronicle* (No. 9, May 31) gives a brief but interesting return of the exports and imports of that prospering colony. The account stands as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
1831	£ 282,968	£ 152,203
1832	351,223	159,159
1833	369,881	132,529
1834	372,725	145,833
1835	352,076	199,267
1836	411,167	334,519

Upon which the editor remarks, "We are very well aware that our trade is, after all, insignificant, as compared with many other colonies; that total export of 411,000/- is almost a reproach to a colony containing not far short of a million and a half of inhabitants; but it is our sincere opinion, that we are but on the threshold of commercial prosperity, and that the next five years will give a result far exceeding even the last."

*Irish Readiness.*—It is said of the ready-witted Irish, that they never like to confess ignorance of any question put to them, and yet are seldom at loss for a reply. The following recent dialogue is not a bad illustration of the fact. A tourist, near Killarney, asked a native, "Whose house is that?" and the dialogue ran thus:—"That house, yer honour, that is Mr. Dobiggen's."—"Mr. Dobiggen's! It is a fine place. What is he?"—"He, yer honour—oh, he was a minor, but now he's of age!"

*Paris Statistics.*—In 1835 there were 7233 individuals brought to trial in France on criminal charges, whereof 2816 were acquitted, and 4407 convicted and sentenced to various punishments.

To death	54
Hard labour for life	151
—a fixed number of years	277
Seclusion	796
Imprisonment	2599
Surveillance without any other penalty	9
Children under 16 years of age sent to houses of correction	20
	4407

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We understand that Mrs. Godwin, the author of "Poetical Delinations of Youthful Character," "The Wanderer's Legacy," &c. is preparing for publication a Series of Tales, original and selected, which, emulating the splendour and variety of the "Arabian Night's Entertainments," will, in a moral point of view, be unexceptionable, and in every respect adapted to the juvenile reader. The work will be entitled "The Halt of the Caravan."

Among the literary distinctions conferred on our coun-

trymen by foreign institutions, we are well pleased to see that Sir Graves Haughton has been elected a foreign member of the Institute of France; being now the only Englishman of that station among the individuals of whom the body consists. He was elected by 22 out of 28 votes.

Mr. Schloss, the ingenious publisher of the *Bijou*, has this year contrived a further embellishment of his literary portion. The poems are to be surrounded by etchings, which form a kind of frame. We have seen one or two of the designs, and think these emblematic tablets among the prettiest designs that have come under our notice.

*Archological Essays.*—The premium for the best essay on the Life of Robert, baron Fitzwalter, has been awarded to G. W. Johnson, Esq. The subject announced for next year is, "Margaret Beaufort, countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII, and foundress of St. John's College, Cambridge."

## In the Press.

*Colloquies.*—Imaginary Conversations between a Phrenologist and the Shade of Dugald Stewart. By Dr. J. Slade. With a portrait of Dugald Stewart.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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Thursday .. 23	From 50 to 55	29°74 to 29°67
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Saturday .. 25	29	29°97 .. 30°12
Sunday .. 26	22	48 .. 30°01 .. 29°43
Monday .. 27	30	29°43 .. 29°40
Tuesday .. 28	36	29°39 .. 29°17
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Winds, S.W. and W. Except the 25th, 28th, and 29th, generally cloudy; rain on the afternoon of the 23d and 26th.

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